KISS THEM GOOD NIGHT.

The tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb,
With little buzzing tongues, that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies;
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave,
And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly,
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each, white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur lowly.

Good night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and dizzy mists of sleep
About their thoughts begin to creep—
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore,
Blow out the light and shut the door
And leave them to their dreaming.
—Woman's Life.

A Matter of Choice

By V. H. Friedlander.

"What's the matter with you?" Philippa asked suspiciously.

Her cousin had greeted her with a sort of ecstatic remoteness that called for explanation.

At her question he made an ostentatious effort to return to earth. "Phil," he said dreamily, "I'm going to get married."

If he had hoped to surprise her the hope was futile. A touch of alertness, betraying itself in his eyes, put her on her guard.

"My dear Rupert!" she cried contentedly. "Really! How exciting! Do tell me who she is!"

He sighed rather disappointedly. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just considering."

Philippa's eyebrows rose slightly as she glanced at the sheets of paper surrounding him. "In typewriting?" she inquired. "Oh, no; I see. You're drawing up the proposal?"

He shuddered indignantly. "Certainly not! How could I when I don't know yet who it's to be?"

"One can leave a space," murmured Philippa, "and fill in the name afterward, you know."

He looked at her with dignified reproach. "These are not proposals," he informed her. "They are their characters."

Philippa stared. "Theirs? Whose?"

"The girls to whom it would be possible for me to propose."

"Oh!" breathed Philippa, and hung over the table with interest. "What do you mean?"

"Graphology," he said. "You see I feel a bit nervous about choosing."

"Choosing?" rippled Philippa.

"Oh, well," he sulked, "of course I know she may refuse me, but I've got to decide which to ask, anyway, haven't I?"

"Oh, of course," agreed Philippa. "And you could make certain, couldn't you, by keeping a second in reserve? You know—the sort of thing drapers put on their patterns. 'In making a choice we respectfully beg customers to select two or three designs, to avoid disap' "—

"Oh, if you find it so funny," he said disgustedly, and swept the paper into a heap.

"I was trying to help," said she with indignation.

He was with difficulty induced to proceed. "Well, I sent my handwriting to a graphologist, and—and some girls' letters—"

"How mean!" flashed Philippa.

"Portions of letters," he corrected, with dignity. "And yesterday I got these from the man." He indicated the typewritten sheets.

Philippa sparkled. "You'll let me see them?" she entreated, and ran her fingers through the pages. "How many? Five? Oh, but that one's yours. Geraldine first. Somewhat fickle in your attachments—"

"Suppose she were fickle to me!" he groaned.

"M'm!" agreed Philippa, inattentively. "Fond of dress and excitement—"

"The stage would suit her better than I should."

"You are happier in the society of men than—"

"You will admit," he interrupted coldly, "that Geraldine is out of the question."

Philippa laid her on the table not without hesitation. "The others may be worse," she mused. "Who's this? Oh, Bertha Unwin. Of a somewhat cold and calculating nature. Yes; she always lets me pay for everything when we go out together. The will is decided, with a tendency to obstinacy—"

He shuddered.

"A fair sense of honor—"

"Anathematized with faint praise," he commented.

"Not much love for children or animals—" Philippa looked up in some dismay. "But this is dreadful!" She—she appears to be perfectly odious. Let's see what he says about Olivia. Very ambitious; none but the highest position would satisfy—"

"Necessitating the strenuous life for me," he groaned.

"Might with advantage show more ready sympathy with other people's weaknesses"—Philippa unhesitatingly abandoned Olivia—a depressing comment on the numerical strength of her cousin's weaknesses.

"But there's only Miss Betterton left now," she said anxiously. "Gift for—what's this word? Nursing? Oh, I'm sure that's not true."

"And if it were," Rupert demurred. "I don't want always to be ill you know. I'm afraid she'd have no scope for her talents."

Philippa nodded. "No, you're dreadfully strong. Would enjoy photography as a hobby—"

"Think of that! And photography and picture postcards always go together. And my entire income would be spent on albums for them. I know?"

"Should cultivate,' Philippa continued, "tact and a sense of humor"—She paused. "Cultivate?" she repeated, blandly. "What an idea!"

"Cultivate," he explained, "is the polite—er—graphologism for deficient in."

"Thank you, so much," murmured Philippa ironically. "But I only meant that—that I think she won't do."

"No, I think she won't do."

"But she's the last."

"And I've got to choose one."

They reflected. "Well," said Philippa, at last, desperately, you've paid your penny, and you'd better—"

"It wasn't a penny,' he interrupted gloomily. "He's a very exceptional graphologist, and he charges five shillings each."

"Oh!" said Philippa. "But is five shillings so excessive for a really reliable wife?"

"But when one goes in for so many," Rupert protested.

She gasped.

"I mean, prospective—that is, optional," he corrected hurriedly.

"But these four optional wives,' objected Philippa, "are all so hateful—at least, when they're graphologized. I really think another five shillings would be a justifiable outlay." She spoke a little absently; she was glancing through the typewritten character of Rupert himself, and he watched her with a hint of complacency. A subdued light in her eyes as she looked up troubled him.

"I'm afraid there are a good many mistakes in it," he said modestly.

Philippa reflected. "Did you have to pay extra for yours?' she demanded.

"What for?" he asked uneasily.

"The whitewash," said Philippa, with dancing eyes.

He looked at her with gentle reproach. "I thought yours perfect," he said.

"Mine?"

"Yes." He searched in his pocket book. "I wanted to know yours, but, of course, I didn't put it with the others, as you are not—available."

"Please let me see it," she said, hastily. "Though—though you had no right to do such a thing."

She read it with distinct eagerness. Suddenly she laughed, and then found him awaiting an explanation. She looked confused. "It's—it's dreadfully whitewashed, too, I'm afraid. I suppose, for a consideration, the—the graphologist leaves out your bad points?"

"Yours are all there."

"But there isn't one!"

"Precisely."

She was silent, and he came a step nearer. "Phil, dear, you're quite sure that particular design is—is out of stock?"

She studied the carpet attentively. "Some designs," she murmured, "can be got by renewing the order for them."

He was incredulous. "This one was out of stock three weeks ago," he reminded her.

She hesitated. "You chose such a bad time, Ru," she confessed. "I—I had a cold, and you ought to have known that wasn't the right time."

"Is this?" he demanded, eagerly.

"How dare you," he retorted, "torment me with your four optional wives?"

He gathered up the typewritten sheets and tore them in fragments. "Al's fair," he began. But she put her fingers on her lips.

"Ru, dear, what a lot of trouble you took. Do you really think all those nice things of me?"

He gasped. "I? But I told you I sent to the graph—"

"Not for your, Ru. Not for mine!"

He was crestfallen. "I did send mine," he murmured, "but when it came, I touched it up."

She laughed. "And even now," she assured him softly, "it's not half good enough. And mine?"

"I just wrote down what I thought of you," he confessed. "But how on earth did you guess? Typewriting tells no tales."

Her lips quivered. "You said I was sincere in my attachments, Ru."

"So you are."

"And that you were attached to a country life."

"So I am."

She laughed suddenly. "What a pity you spell so badly, Ru!"

He was puzzled. "All great men spell badly," he assured her. "What's that got to do with it."

She leaned toward him. "I recognized your touch, Ru. You always did spell 'attach' with three 't's."—The Sketch.

Eatin'.

Now, wot's de use o' joshin'
An' allus givin' digs,
A-laughin' an' a-jokin',
An' sayin' boys is pigs.

Pa says me stummick's rubber,
Er gumeriastic stuff,
An' says me legs is holler,
I never gits enough.

An' sister, she's a teacher
'Way up to number five,
She says the anerconder
Jest eats 'em up alive.

An' how a nostrich gobbles,
An' gulps wit' great delight,
Jest grabs an' grabs an' swallers
'Most anything in sight!

Aunt Jane she says my manners
Is really shockin' bad,
T' see a boy s' greedy
Is 'scouragin' an' sad!

But ma she knows about it,
She's Johnny-on-de-spot!
She says when boys is growin'
Dey has t'eat a lot.

An' bread an' jam is cheaper
'An medicine an' pills;
She'd radder pay de grocer
Dan pay de doctor bills.

An' sometimes w'en dey's knockin',
She sorter winks her eye,
An' slips acrost de table
Anudder piece o' pie.

An' says, "Now, don't y' mind 'em,
I knows 'em, dat I do,
W'en dey was kids an' hungry,
W'y, dey was jest like you!"
—Judge.

Not Wasted.

How few of the nuts that drop from the boughs of the hickories take root and grow into trees! The squirrels get their share, and you get yours, and even those that decay under the snow help to make the soil richer. The tree is not a failure because all the nuts it bears do not make nut trees, and you are not a failure because all your undertakings do not turn out as you expected. Conscientious, whole-souled effort is not wasted. The heavenly Father sees to that.—The Girl's Companion.

Variety At Sea.

For variety at sea, once when we had been practicing with the six-inch guns, and were "securing" for dinner hour, we saw a monster spouting off our starboard beam. We begged to take a shot at it, and the officer of the deck, recognizing an impromptu target, gave us leave. We fired two shots, and the expression, "a sea of blood," which I had always looked upon as an extravagance of speech, became a reality. When we returned from mess the ocean for a mile surrounding the whole was as red—well, as red as blood.—From "Three Years Behind the Guns" in St. Nicholas.

The Reward of Head-Work.

For several days the policeman on the beat had observed a small boy who spent most of his time lounging near a downtown street crossing, and seemed to have nothing to do. One morning he accosted him.

"Tommy," he said, "or whatever your name is, you do entirely too much loafin' 'round here. Hadn't you better be at home?"

"I ain't loafin'," indignantly replied the boy. "I got a reg'lar job here."

"You've got a job? What is it?"

"De guy wot owns dis store pays me a dollar a week for keepin' dis crossin' swept clean."

"But I never see you doing any work," said the policeman.

"Course not," returned the boy. "I take de money, an' let out de job fur fifty cents a week to de kid wot's out dere sweepin' de crossin' now. He gits his pay reg'lar an' don't have to do no head-work huntin' jobs."—The Sunday School Messenger.

The Umbrella in the East.

The first Englishman to carry an umbrella was one Hanway, who lived at the end of the eighteenth century. He was regarded as an eccentric individual, but before he died, in 1786, the fashion he set was adopted by society in general. Hanway was not the originator of the umbrella. Among the Greeks and Romans some such article was very common, though it was regarded as a purely feminine appendage, and one which men might never condescend to adopt. But all over the East the umbrella has for generations been well known as an insignia of power and royalty. On the sculptured remains of Egyptian temples one sees representations of kings going in procession with umbrellas carried over their heads. Even in India to-day some of the great maharajahs still call themselves "Lords of the Umbrella," and in an address presented by the king of Burmah to the viceroy of India in [illegible], the British representative is described as the "monarch who reigns over [illegible] great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the East." One has only to walk through the streets of any Indian town to-day to see how important a social distinction the umbrella has become, [illegible] a native to go without an umbrella in the streets of Calcutta, for [illegible] is practically a mark of degradation.—The Boy's World.

Plant [illegible] Catches Flies.

One of [illegible] curious and interesting [illegible] the Pinguicula Caudata. The name is as long as the plant is small, but what it lacks in size it manages to make up in other ways. It is a very modest looking little plant, with pretty leaves and a very pretty flower. But in spite of its modest looks and small size, it is a terrible scourge to all insects, for it has all the sticky qualities of fly-paper, and whenever a thoughtless fly or insect lights on the leaves it is never able to get away again, for the sticky substance holds it tight.

As the insects pass this little plant they are tempted by its inviting appearance to rest on its pretty leaves and smooth down their wings awhile. But when this little fly-catcher once gets them on its leaves, it holds them there until they are all absorbed, for insects are part of the food which goes to enrich the constitution of this strange little plant. When the leaves are covered with insects the little plant thrives and flourishes.

This natural insect-catcher would certainly be a great boom in many houses that are troubled with mosquitoes and flies, for if a few of the little plants were placed about the room, their leaves would soon attract all the little buzzing pests that are so bothersome during the hot weather.—By Greta Bryar.

Kitty Clover's Mistake.

Where was Kitty Clover? Nobody knew. The children had raced upstairs and down, all round the yard, and all over the neighborhood, and they had come back from each search with sorrowful faces and heavy hearts. The paper boy, the letter carrier, the milkman, the butcher, the grocer's clerk, and the man that came to repair the telephone, all were besieged by a chorus of eager, questioning voices; but not one of them had seen anything of a little gray kitten—"the most beautiful little gray kitten that ever was seen"—which had two white spots—"the cunningest white spots"—on its tail.

Where was Kitty Clover? It was nearly time for the day governess to come; but Doris, and Rena, and Martha, and Hubert were not at the window watching for her, as they usually were. No; they were running about the garden and the lawns, with frequent trips to the stables, calling in the most loving tones:

"Kitty, Kitty Clover[Kitty Clover! Come, Kitty Clover!"

Finally they had to go in the house and up to the schoolroom, for Miss Allis, the governess, had come. Of course, she was told all about the lost kitten and, of course, she felt very sorry about it; But she cheered them up, and told them she hadn't a doubt but that Kitty Clover would be found; and so they began their lessons feeling quite comforted.

But even during the geography lesson, Doris could not help leaning over the highbacked seat father had put in the schoolroom ("out of regard for the children's backs," he said) and whispering to Martha, "Do you suppose we'll find her?"

Right in the middle of the example which Miss Allis was explaining, Bee—the housemaid—peeped in, and beckoned to the governess.

Miss Allis came back smiling, and told the children to follow her very softly.

What could it be? The little procession, led by Bee, tiptoed along the hall. At the door of a guest chamber, which had been occupied the night before by a friend of father's, who had gone away on an early morning train, Bee stopped, and held up a warning hand.

There on the marble washstand crouched the missing kitten. She appeared to be listening intently, while her eyes were fixed on the hole in the bottom of the bowl. She did not look round when the children drew near.

Miss Allis put her ear down to the bowl, and a faint gurgling was distinctly heard.

"She thinks there is a mouse there," she said. How the children laughed then. As if mice would be running round through the water-pipes! What a funny mistake Kitty Clover had made!—Emma C. Dowd, in The Sunbeam.

Cape Codders in Winter.

The Cape Cod newspapers now interest more than ever the fellow who knows something about the cape and the islands. They begin to teem with little paragraphs about Cape Cod folks who have been away for the winter, either at work or visiting, and who have dodged the bleak winds of the winter time. Now they are beginning to go home again, and the papers record their arrival. Some have been to Boston. Here and there one has been to New York. A throng has been right here in Brockton, the most popular of the Massachusetts cities for the Cape residents.

These moving native Cape Codders get five or six months at home, enjoy themselves hugely and in many cases pick up a good bit of money, and when fall comes are hale and hearty and [illegible] perhaps in the pocket book. Then during the winter they have just as good a time in the [illegible] [illegible]—Brockton Enterprise.

PROSE AND POESY.

(A Rural Misadventure.)

They roamed between
Delicious dells;
He had sixteen
Ecstatic spells.

He cried: "Yon herds,
Yon stretch of fence,
Yon frequent birds—
Immense, immense!

"Yon blossoms shy,
Yon blazing sun,
Yon wondrous sky,
Ah! Ah!

"My own, my sweet,
Do you not glow
With bliss complete?"
She answered, "No!"

He stopped; he eyed
Her in a trance;
He almost fried
Her with his glance.

Then walked he East
And walked she West;
His wrath increased
As he progressed.

For who would wed
With such a one
When all is said
And all is done?
—Thomas R. Ybarra, in New York Times.

Yes, money talks; but its favorite remark is, good-bye.—Indianapolis Star.

Unfortunately, the less patience a man has, the more easily he loses it.—Puck.

Women like masterful men so long as they can lead them.—Somerville Journal.

Bessie: Oh, say, mamma, why don't you play being nurse, and let papa kiss you?—Life.

If woman gets her rights she will have to give up some of her privileges.—Town Topics.

The easiest way to mend a broken heart is to have another girl break it over again.—Puck.

"I started in my business as a beginner." "And I," said the racing man, "began as a starter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' dat everybody keeps losin' because he thinks nobody else has it."—Washington Star.

It would be easier if European monarchs would consent to come over here and pick out their own diplomatic talent.—Washington Star.

A Chicago woman says we should think in curves in order to be beautiful. And yet how few of our baseball pitchers are beautiful.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A neat proposal of marriage was made by a young man the other night. He said: "Now, Miss Schulz, you say you have $50,000 in your own name—why not put it in mine?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I suppose you expect to receive a golden harp and crown some day," said the wandering evangelist. "Oh, not necessarily," rejoined the druggist, "but I expect something just as good."—Chicago Daily News.

A New York man built a boat in an upper story of a hotel and now finds he cannot get his craft out of the building. Why not form a stock company for the hotel and float the whole thing?—Chicago Post.

Miss Cunning—"Why don't you propose to her by telephone, then?" Mr. Hoamley (timid)—"Maybe she wouldn't know who I was." Miss Cunning—"Exactly; that might help your chances."—Philadelphia Press.

Lawyer—"The defendant in this case is a lazy, worthless fellow, isn't he?" Witness—"Well, sir, I don't want to do the man any injustice. I won't go so far as to say he's lazy, but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his victuals, he would have died of a lack of nourishment fifteen years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

Waving a bomb, the Anarchist sought the Sage. "Sir," he said, "I have but one bomb, and I wish to make it go as far as possible. How may I destroy the largest number of the Enemies of Labor at one explosion?" The Sage needed no time to ponder. "Drop it on the floor," he said, "at the next meeting of your association."—Cleveland Leader.

Where the Honeymoon Is Long.

Marriages among the Moslems in India is followed by other ceremonies. The bride with the bridegroom is taken back to her father's house after four days, then again she comes back to her husband's house after ten days' stay, and then after a stay of twenty days returns to her father's house for at least six months. Thus [illegible] of keeping a short period of [illegible] make it last almost a [illegible] the Near East.

[illegible]